

LITERATURE

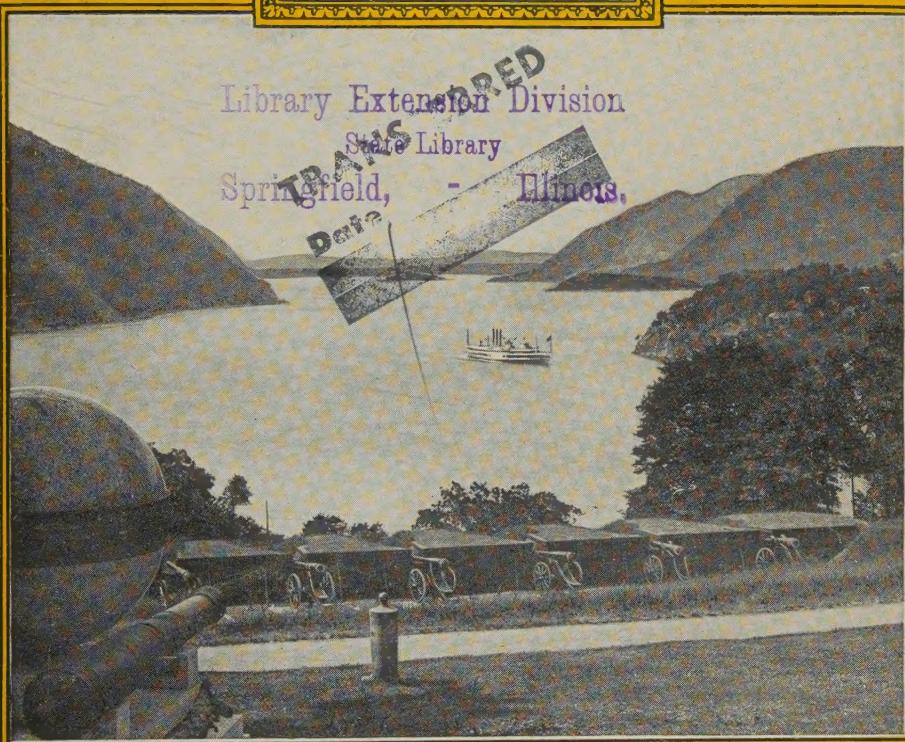
HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

# THE MENTOR

September 1921



WEST POINT—The Scene of the Plot of Benedict Arnold and André

## FAMOUS SPIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

By George S. Bryan

## A CITY THE WORLD FORGOT

By E. M. Newman

The Love of Dante for Beatrice, By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis

The Most Unfortunate Poet \$22,000 for Four Inches of Paint

A New Story About Lincoln and Grant Fashion Follies Follow War

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# New Marvels of the Sky

## *Facts That Stagger the Mind*

**W**E ARE not so much—we human beings—in the infinite scheme of Creation.

The Earth, the Sun, and the near-by stars—that solar system of ours that we have always considered so vast—is, after all, only a mere insignificant “side show” in the greater universe that is now being disclosed by Dr. Harlow Shapley and other students of the stars. Such is the magnitude of this universe that the human mind fairly gasps in contemplating it.

The new marvels of the sky are described in the October Mentor by Garrett P. Serviss, known the world over for his interesting and informing accounts of the affairs of the stars. This is one of the most important and fascinating articles ever published in The Mentor.

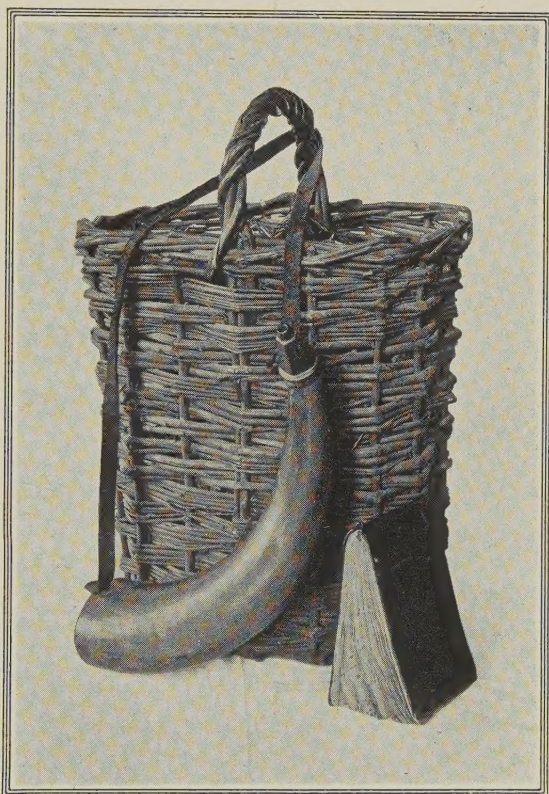
Few people have any adequate conception of the strides that Astronomy has made in the past few years, especially in revealing the extent and structure of the stellar universe. In this work of investigation Dr. Harlow Shapley has been a leader, and the results of his work have attracted wide attention in the scientific world. He has opened new and extended fields for astronomical investigation, and he has given a new conception of the insignificant nature of the family of planets to which our little earth belongs.

What is the ordinary man to think of the amazing facts that Dr. Shapley and Mr. Serviss tell us? Read them, and get their full meaning. The average man has been brought up to understand that the universe was created on his account and centers in his little earth. In the vaster universe now disclosed, the earth is 360,000 trillion miles *away from the real center of the universe*—it is scarcely “in the picture” at all.

This means that theories and statements relating to the stars published as lately as only ten years ago are left far in the rear, together with the conclusions based on them. Some of the astounding discoveries announced in The Mentor article date back only to the last months of the World War. To-day the eyes of many astronomers are fixed on the stars with the strained attention and anticipation of eager spectators.

Read Mr. Serviss’ amazing article in the October Mentor, and learn the latest facts concerning the countless bodies swinging in the infinity of space about us.

# FAMOUS SPIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY



Nathan Hale's Army Diary, Camp Basket, and  
Powder Horn

Now in possession of the Connecticut Historical Society,  
Hartford, Conn. Specially photographed for The Mentor,  
by permission of the Society





Nathan Hale Statue, City Hall Park, New York

This beautiful statue was designed by Frederick MacMonnies, and erected in 1893. Our photograph shows the statue in its original position southwest of the City Hall, facing Broadway—a place of advantage under a spreading elm, and surrounded by flowers. Excavations made it necessary to remove the statue. It now stands nearer the City Hall, and has been deprived of its picturesque setting.



# THE MENTOR

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## FAMOUS SPIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

By GEORGE S. BRYAN

**H**ANGED as a spy!" Thus ends many a story of quick intelligence, ready wit, high courage, and supreme devotion. "Hanged," not because spying is criminal—it has always been sanctioned by codes of war—but to prevent others from undertaking it. "As a spy"—that is, one who secretly, or under false pretenses, enters the enemy's lines to seek information for hostile purposes.

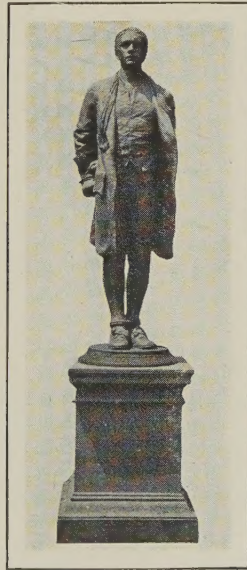
"The authorized practices of war," said Alexander Hamilton, "are the satires of human nature." War overrides the laws of peace and the customs of peaceful society. War employs many deceptions—feigned movements, camouflaged batteries, false dis-

patches. Spying is but a specialized form of war deception.

Of the character of a man that does espionage work, Nathan Hale, America's foremost spy, said, "I wish to be useful, and every kind of service, necessary to the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary."

The first important American spy in the first war of his country, Nathan Hale, is naturally the best-known to his countrymen, but many of the tales about him are pure legend.

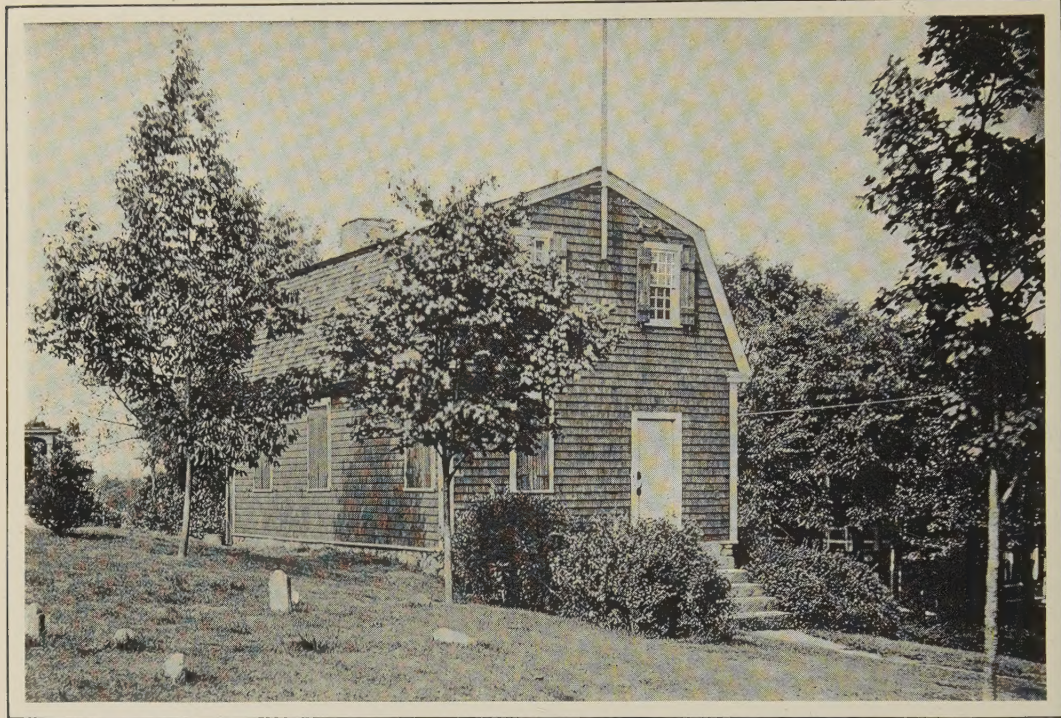
Nathan Hale was a mere youth, just past 21, when he gave up his life. No authentic portrait of him exists. Recently, his profile, scratched on a door, was found in the Hale



Nathan Hale, by Bela Pratt

This statue stands on the Yale Campus in front of the old dormitory in which Hale roomed as a student





Union Schoolhouse in New London, Conn.

In which Nathan Hale taught from March, 1774, until he enlisted in the spring of 1775. This building was dedicated as a memorial on June 17, 1901, by the Sons of the American Revolution, and is now in the care of the Daughters of the American Revolution

house at Coventry, Connecticut. It had been painted over and forgotten until uncovered when the house was being re-decorated.

The picture is too inadequate, however, to give an artist Hale's likeness. Hale's fiancée, Alice Ripley Lawrence, had an ivory miniature of him; it was lost.

Three descriptions of Hale have been handed down by persons that knew him—Lieutenant Bostwick of

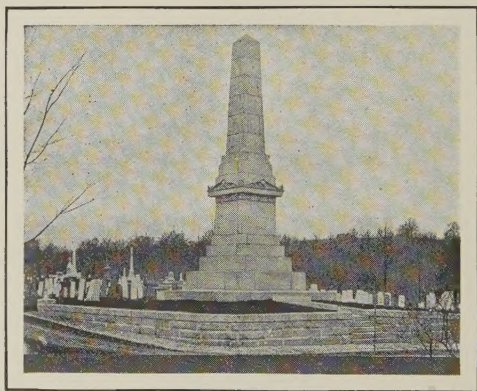
Hale's regiment, Alice Ripley Lawrence, and Dr. Æneas Munson, a surgeon in the Continental Army,

whom Hale had visited often at Coventry, agree in the main as to his appearance. Dr. Munson said that he

was "the most manly man I ever met." He was almost six feet tall, well-proportioned, broad-chested, had a fine complexion and benign expression. He was an athlete and, in his college days, easily leaped out of one hog's head into another standing beside it.

At the outbreak of the American

Revolution, Hale, who had just been graduated from Yale and was teaching school at New London, was com-



Nathan Hale Memorial Monument  
Erected at South Coventry, Conn., in 1846



missioned a captain in the Continental Army, and took part in the fighting around Boston. In the troubled days after the battle of Long Island, Washington was in great need of information concerning the enemy's movements. No soldier could be asked to spy, but volunteered service was asked for, accepted, and used. Hale volunteered.

Disguised as a Dutch school teacher in a "plain suit of citizen's brown clothes with a round broad-brimmed hat," he crossed from Norwalk, Connecticut, to the shore of Huntingdon Bay, Long Island, and disappeared within the British lines. For six or seven days he worked on his mission unsuspected. One of the eight memorials to Hale, at Huntingdon, fixes

the place of his capture there, but the evidence is that he was caught at Harlem trying to pass the British outposts.

Taken before General Howe, Hale fully confessed his identity and purpose. He was not tried, but, after examination, sentenced to death. Marched to the Dove Tavern—not Colonel Rutger's orchard, as some stories have it—on the line of the present Third Avenue, New York, somewhere between Sixty-sixth and Seventy-eighth streets, he was hanged in front of an artillery park, September 22, 1776. Captain Montross, a British engineer officer and aid-de-camp to Howe, under a flag of truce, gave the story of the execution to three American officers—Captain Al-

## IN CONGRESS.

The DELEGATES of the United Colonies of *New-Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania,* the Counties of *Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, and South-Carolina,* to *Nathan Hale & Co.*

WE reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valour, conduct and fidelity, DO by these presents constitute and appoint you to be *Captain in the Nineteenth*

*Regiment of Foot Commanded by Colonel Charles Will*

in the army of the United Colonies, raised for the defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of *Captain*

by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command, to be obedient to your orders, as

*Captain* And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United Colonies, or Committee of Congress, for that purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for the time being of the army of the United Colonies, or any other your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you. This commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

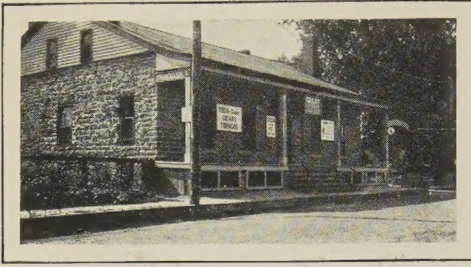
*Attest Charles Thomson Secy.*

By Order of the Congress,

*John Hancock President*

Nathan Hale's Commission as Captain in the Nineteenth Regiment Infantry





Old Stone House at Tappan, N. Y.  
Where Major André was held after his capture

exander Hamilton, Captain William Hull, and General Israel Putnam. Hull, a confidential friend of Hale, recorded Montross's message and saved for the country one of the most treasured speeches of the Revolution, Hale's last words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Hale was the only commissioned officer of the American force, and Major John André of the British, to die as a spy in the Revolutionary War. Because of his winning personality and the extraordinary circumstances of his capture, André is second only to Hale as a romantic figure. "Cher Jean," as he was known to his friends and family, was a handsome man and one of the most popular officers in the British army in America. He was talented as a writer and musician; one of his parodies appeared in New York on the day of his capture. André came to America after having been disappointed in his desire to marry Honora Sneyd, a literary young woman of Lichfield, England.

He was captured early in the war, and when stripped of his belongings, saved a miniature of Honora by concealing it in his mouth.

Romantic stories cluster naturally about André's name. Before leaving England to join his regiment, André visited Lichfield. Miss Anna Seward, with whom he had carried on a literary correspondence, arranged to have him meet a friend, a Mr. Cunningham. The night before the meeting Cunningham dreamed that he saw a

stranger riding through a great wood seized and carried off by three men. He awoke, according to the story, and upon getting to sleep again, dreamed that he saw the same man hanged in the sight of a multitude near a large city. He was astounded upon meeting André to see that the young officer was the man of his dreams. Another favorite story tells of two young ladies on their way



Major John André  
Born in London, 1751; executed at Tappan,  
October 2, 1780



Pen and ink sketch of himself made by Major André the day before his execution. Reproduced by special permission, from original in possession of Yale University



to dine with Washington at an old manor house that André had occupied. They were terrified to see an apparition of a British officer, whom they recognized as André, hanging in the trees surrounding the house. Still another is that of André's sister, who was said to have dreamed that he was hanged as a spy. When the news of his fate reached her she discovered that his execution had taken place on the day preceding her dream.

André had become adjutant-general on Sir Henry Clinton's staff when Major General Benedict Arnold, in command at West Point, made overtures to the British looking toward the surrender of that strategically important American stronghold, and the young adjutant was picked to parley with Arnold. Clinton's choice evidences the high regard he had for André, for his greatest chance of



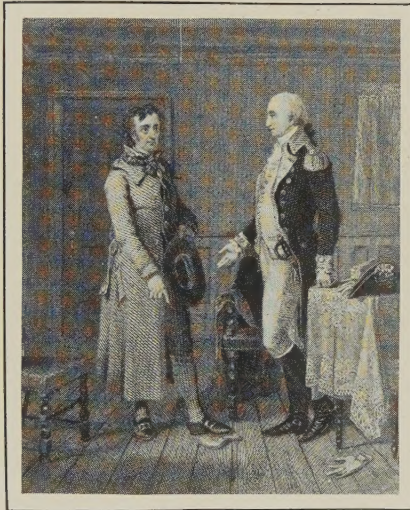
John Paulding  
Who, with two others, captured  
Major André

ending the war lay in the success of the negotiations with Arnold.

André was taken up the Hudson River on the British ship *Vulture*. He was to meet Arnold two miles below Haverstraw, outside the American lines. He went in uniform, under the name "John Anderson." He carried a safe-conduct from Arnold, but no flag of truce. At

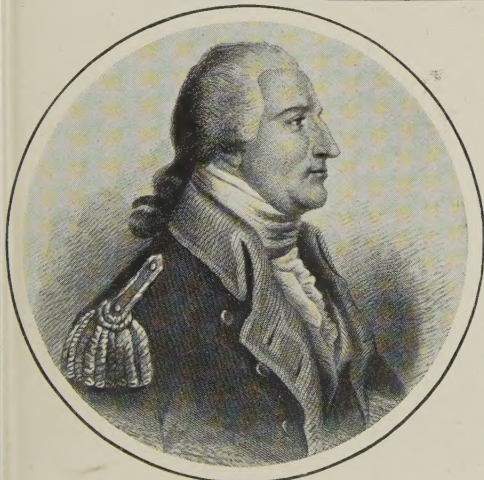
daybreak, he passed the American lines and met Arnold in a house at Haverstraw where plans were given to him for the surrender of the fort. Meanwhile, the *Vulture*, having been fired on by American artillery, dropped down the stream without him. André then disguised himself — a fatal mistake — crossed the Hudson at dusk, and started for New York.

On the following morning André was halted near Tarrytown by three men,



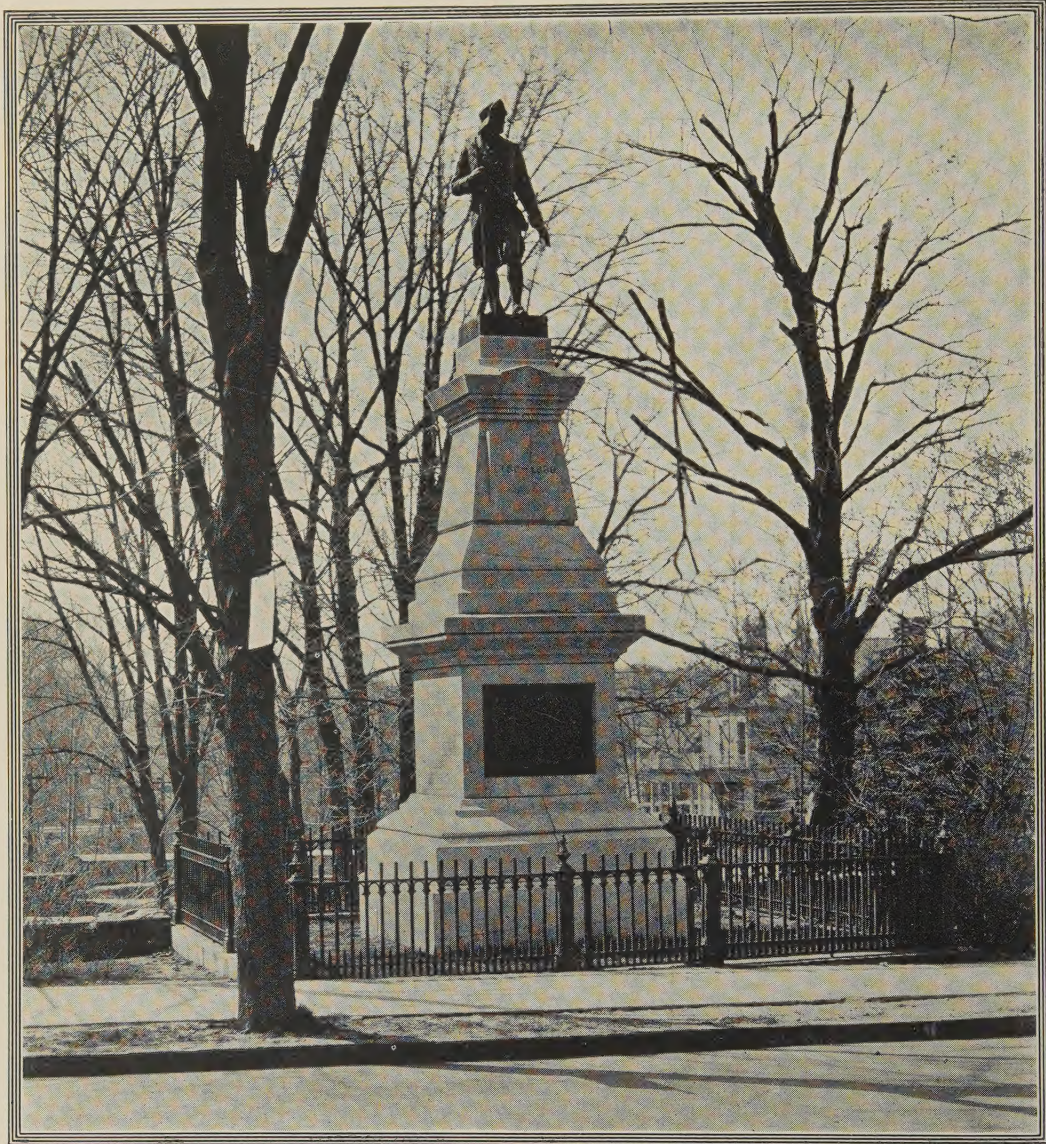
Harvey Birch Refuses the  
Money Offered by George  
Washington

A scene from Cooper's novel,  
"The Spy," of which Birch  
is the hero



Benedict Arnold  
Brilliant officer—and traitor





Monument to the Captors of Major André, Erected in Tarrytown, New York

John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart. None was in military service, but, according to the best evidence, bent only upon robbery. Williams and Van Wart were already known as marauders and Van Wart was suspected of being a Tory by his neighbors. Attracted by his handsome white-topped boots they took him to a large tulip tree, stripped him, and in his stockings found the

papers that convicted him. Paulding alone could read. Even so, it appears, they would have let André go had he had sufficient money with him to satisfy his captors. After stripping him of his belongings, André's captors turned him over to Lieutenant Colonel Jameson at Northcastle.

While the court-martial was deliberating, almost four years to a day after Nathan Hale's execution, André

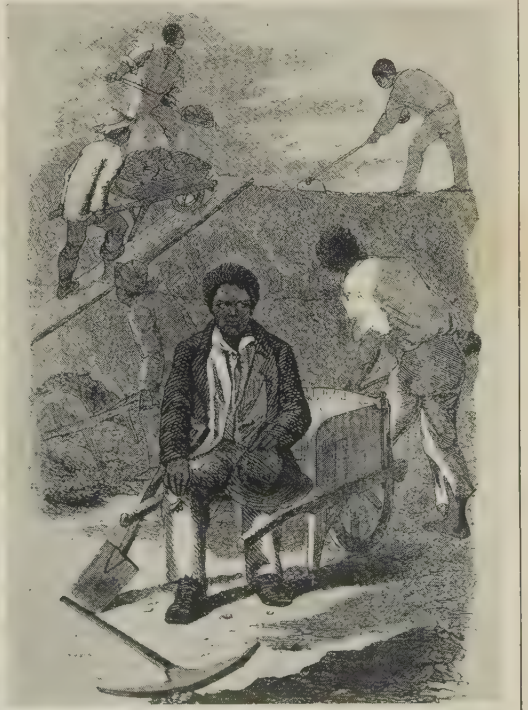


questioned Major Tallmadge, his custodian, as to his probable fate. Tallmadge, a close friend of Nathan Hale, recalled the American's fate. "Surely," said André, "you don't consider his case and mine alike?" "Precisely," was the answer. And so it was considered. The court-martial ruled that André must die. Hale had been marched out without ceremony by the provost guard; five hundred infantrymen in hollow square escorted André to the gibbet. In sight of the field officers, André was hanged—in the twenty-ninth year of his life. "Never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice or deserve it less," wrote Alexander Hamilton. This was the feeling of most American officers. High feeling was aroused in the English army over André's execution, but a British

board of officers held that it was entirely just. His body was removed to Westminster Abbey in 1821, and an American has placed a statue over the spot where it lay at Tappan, New York.

Congress, which would not spend a cent on Nathan Hale's memory, gave a silver medal to each of André's captors and a pension of \$200 a month for life. The state of New York gave each a farm.

Other officers of the Revolutionary War were engaged in espionage. During the Saratoga campaign, Captain Thomas Scott of the British Army successfully passed in disguise through the American lines with a message from Burgoyne to Clinton. Major William Edmonston, stationed in Canada, spied successfully for the British general Howe.



Emma Edmonds, Famous Woman Spy of the Civil War

The right-hand picture shows Emma Edmonds, disguised as a negro worker, in the Confederate lines





General Frederick Funston

Who ran down and captured Aguinaldo in the Philippines in March, 1901

Civilians and private soldiers were used as spies by both armies. Four days after the Americans occupied Fort Montgomery, Daniel Taylor, a British spy, was brought before General George Clinton of the Continental Army. Taylor had been seen to swallow a silver bullet, which, when recovered with an emetic, was found to contain a message from Sir Henry Clinton to Burgoyne. "Out of thy own mouth shalt thou be condemned," said the American general and Taylor was forthwith hanged. Emissaries of the British to disaffected Pennsylvania troops were executed. At Yorktown, Lafayette had two spies. One of them, a shrewd, illiterate old negro, was received as a runaway by Cornwallis who, in turn, used him for spy-work and received from him, regularly, selected misinformation.

The second, Morgan of the New Jersey line, entered the British camp, enlisted, accomplished his purpose, and brought back five British deserters and a captured Hessian. He refused Lafayette's offer of either money or a sergeancy.

Enoch Crosby, about whose exploits Cooper wrote his novel "The Spy," was, strictly speaking, a secret agent. Cooper never met Crosby; nor did he know his name, but obtained his information from John Jay, who had employed Crosby while chairman of the committee of safety for the colony of New York. Barnum afterward exhibited Crosby as the original "Harvey Birch" of Cooper's book. Crosby was employed to report disaffection in the Continental ranks and in the neutral territory of Westchester County, New York.

A shoemaker by trade, he had access to many homes in that capacity and for years was thought by his friends to have been a Tory.

A woman was the most dramatic figure of the Civil War spies. She was Emma Edmonds, who early had an ambition to be a foreign missionary. At the start of the war she became a nurse with the Army of the Potomac; later she was in the hospitals, and when headquarters wanted a spy she volunteered. Eleven times she entered the Confederate lines in disguise and was not caught. Once she went as a negro youth and deceived the negroes with whom she worked. She brought back plans of fortifications and such scraps of military intelligence as she could pick up. As a negress, she was sent to Confederate headquarters to cook, and there obtained valuable papers.



During Pope's Virginia campaign, she made three visits to the enemy in ten days and returned each time with valuable information.

A once celebrated spy case of the Civil War was that of Capt. John Y. Beall, Confederate Navy, a native of Virginia and a graduate of its university. He had privateered on the Chesapeake and the Potomac, and already had been near the gallows; for he had been captured and put in irons. He afterward made his way to Canada, and there laid plans to free the 2,500 Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, at the mouth of Sandusky harbor; seize the ship *Michigan*, which guarded the island, the only United States war vessel on the Great Lakes; put a Confederate crew aboard; and proceed to set fire to Sandusky, Cleveland, and Buffalo.

Arms and horses were to be supplied to the bulk of the ex-prisoners, who then would break through Ohio and West Virginia into Virginia. The plot failed and Beall escaped.

In less than three months after that Beall made three unsuccessful attempts—variously explained—to derail trains between Dunkirk and Buffalo. When arrested at Niagara Falls, New York, he gave the name "W. W. Baker" and said he was an escaped Confederate prisoner. Tried before a military commission, he was found guilty of having acted as both a spy and a guerrilla and was hanged on Governor's Island in New York harbor.

Of all Civil War spies probably the ablest was Timothy Webster. At the beginning of 1861, Webster was the star operative of Allan Pinker-



© Clinedinst

Victor Blue

Who rendered valuable secret service in the Spanish-American War

ton's detective agency. He was about forty, absolutely fearless, remarkably ingenious, thoroughly reliable. "I have never," wrote Pinkerton, "met one who could more readily and agreeably adapt himself to circumstances." The plot to assassinate Lincoln in Baltimore, as he was on the way to his first inauguration, was frustrated largely by Webster, who joined the conspirators and thus fully learned their plans. Through acquaintance with these conspirators, who fled to escape arrest and supposed him to have done likewise, Webster later found his first means of entering the enemy's lines.

Pinkerton, as "Major E. J. Allen," developed and directed the Federal secret service; and of that service Webster at once became chief spy. Almost from the start, confidential



letters to and from Southern residents were entrusted to him; gradually he won such favor that he was the bearer of important dispatches, all of which passed, of course, through "Major Allen's" headquarters. He received in person the hearty congratulations of Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate secretary of war, who issued to him passports that gave him access anywhere in Southern territory. Wherever he went he was jotting down items of useful intelligence. So cool, so audacious was this man that after countless hazards he was betrayed only through the indiscretions of two Federal associates—and even then he might have escaped had he not been confined to his room in Richmond by illness resulting from exposure in the course of duty. He was hanged as a spy at Camp Lee.

In more recent years we have Major Rowan, who penetrated secretly the wilds of Cuba, and carried the "Message to Garcia;" and Lieutenant Victor Blue, now rear-admiral on the retired list, U. S. Navy, who made three trips into the Spanish lines seeking military intelligence. The second of these was to discover whether all the ships of Admiral Cervera's Spanish squadron were in Santiago Harbor; the third to determine and plot the anchorage of each ship. On his second trip he was in disguise, having to pass through open country in sight of the Spanish garrison. He exchanged

his naval cap for a Cuban major's sombrero, covered his white summer uniform with mud and passed in the tall grass as a Cuban non-combatant. For this feat he was advanced five numbers in rank.

In the Philippine Insurrection, Brigadier General Frederick Funston of the volunteers practically ended the revolt with the ruse that resulted in the capture of the Filipino leader

Aguinaldo. For more than a year American officers had sought to learn where Aguinaldo was hiding. Funston trained Macabebe scouts to impersonate *insurrectos*, arming them with the Mauser and Remington rifles used by the enemy, instead of army Krag-Jorgensons. These men, three Tagalogs, a Spaniard, and Segismundo, leader of *insurrectos*, with the American officers in the rôle of captives, were landed on the Luzon coast. They



Timothy Webster  
Chief spy of the Pinkerton Secret Service in  
the Civil War

marched one hundred miles to Aguinaldo's village. Letters informing him that part of his expected reinforcements were on the way had been sent ahead to Aguinaldo, and he was on hand to meet them. At a given signal, his bodyguard was attacked and scattered. He was captured. Funston was commissioned a brigadier in the regular army for this exploit.

Of the spies in American history, more escaped death than paid the penalty. Some that escaped death were rewarded; others not; but all were brave, faithful soldiers in a silent army.





E. M. NEWMAN, BEDOUINS AND ARAB GUARDS IN CAMP AT THE LOST CITY

# A CITY THE WORLD FORGOT

By E. M. NEWMAN

*Traveler, Lecturer and Author*

WHEN I first read of how Burkhardt, the Swiss explorer, stumbled upon the lost city of Petra in 1812, I made up my mind that one day I would see that amazing place.

Burkhardt had hoped to penetrate Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, a feat that would have cost him his life had he been discovered. Traveling southward along the Sinai Peninsula in Arabia, he was attracted to a curious range of mountains that skirted the valley through which his road lay. Determined to have

a closer look at them, he plunged into the tangled trees and oleander bushes. He found a faint trail, choked with boulders and almost obliterated in places by the elements. It wound tortuously into a gorge, which he entered. His Arab escort grew more sullen as the horses slipped and staggered to where the gorge apparently ended in two towering pillars of brilliantly tinted sandstone, between which, screened by the oleanders, he

found a narrow entrance. The Arabs either did not know or did not want to tell what lay beyond; but

Here is the kind of travel article that we all like to read; forbidden cities are always fascinating. Mr. Newman's story of his expedition to the Lost City, has been eagerly sought by various periodicals. He wrote it especially for *The Mentor*—the magazine in which all his travel articles appear.





**ENTRANCE TO THE GORGE**

That the Swiss explorer, Burkhardt, entered and thus discovered the Lost City

Burkhardt pushed on and was astonished to see, spread before him, a great city carved in solid rock. It was Petra, the city that was lost to the world for almost fifteen hundred years.

Fewer than one hundred white men have seen Petra since Burkhardt's time. One has to be strongly guarded to visit the lost city. The country is inhabited by hostile Bedouins.

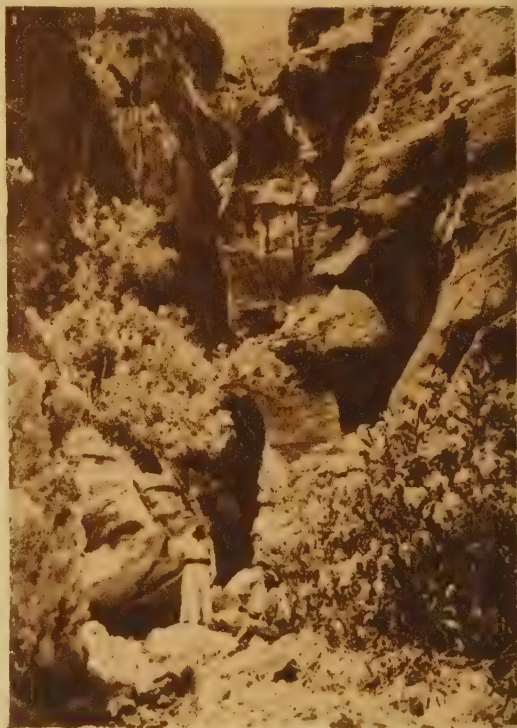
The close of the World War found me in Jerusalem determined to realize my lifelong desire. I proceeded to Jericho in the Valley of the Jordan where I crossed the river and drove on to Es Salt. From there I took the Mecca Railroad to Maan, the "jumping off" point. At Maan, I learned that I could not go further without a caravan. Soul-trying days followed, in which, after the interminable bargaining necessary to the most simple transactions in the Near East, I was able to obtain thirty-eight horses, eighteen friendly Bedouins, food, tents, cots, camp equipment and a guard of twelve soldiers.

From Maan to the place where Burkhardt discovered the Sik or gorge, through

which he entered Petra, is a twenty-eight mile ride through rough country. I found the gorge still choked with oleander bushes. Only when our horses had pushed through them did I realize how narrow the canyon was; nowhere is it more than 40 feet wide and in some places not ten feet.

We rode a mile and a half between towering cliffs before we reached the entrance to the rock city. The deeper we got into the mountains the higher they rose. Now and then a precipitous turn brought us apparently to the end of the gorge, only to reveal another narrow opening. We pressed through these and, suddenly, there was Petra, just as Burkhardt had described it!

Before us, carved in the base of a cliff, was "Pharaoh's Treasury," one of the finest monuments of antiquity. Colored with the natural hues of the brilliant sandstone, it is as fresh today as when it came from the sculptor's chisel, perhaps two thousand years ago. Beside this monolithic structure, we were pigmies. The entrance is flanked by four Corinthian columns, one broken at the base. The second story is solid. Above the central dome is an urn



**WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE END OF THE GORGE**

But what the explorer found to be merely the approach to the Lost City





THE GATEWAY TO THE FORGOTTEN CITY

The end of the Sik, or gorge, that leads to Petra. Burkhardt turned the corner and saw spread before him a great city cut and built into the walls of the basin formed by the widening of the gorge

which the Arabs believe contains the treasures of the Pharaohs. Even today, Bedouins drive their bullets into it, hoping to shatter it and get the fabled treasure.

I passed through the large portals.

Within was a chamber, 40 feet wide and 100 feet long. If the silence of the tomb hung over Petra outside, here was the silence of Death itself. Walls and floors were in as good condition as on the day they





WHERE PETRANS WERE ENTERTAINED

Hadrian's amphitheater, built by the Roman Emperor during a stay in the Rock City, when it dominated all Arabia. Men and women alike attended the gladiatorial shows here, where edged weapons and loaded mitts were used instead of the gloves of today and Death gave the decision

were carved, but, otherwise, not a thing remains to evidence the purpose this great vault was put to.

Emerging from the gloom of the Treasury, I saw an amphitheater below. About its rims rose tier after tier of terraced streets lined with rock-hewn houses, and, above all, on the very rim of the gorge, were tombs, partly built and partially cut into the rocky walls.

Time, frost, heat and tempest had worked havoc with what man built at Petra. A spirit of utter desolation hung over the dead city. In that huge expanse not a living thing moved. The intense



OLEANDERS, CLIFFS AND TOMBS

noon sun threw every structure into high relief; the distant tombs and buildings wavered in the heat. Not a sound broke the profound silence. It was the most enchanting place I had ever seen.

One might spend a month poking about Petra and not exhaust its interest. I could not stay more than a week, but it was a week filled with strange emotions. We pitched camp in the center of the amphitheater and conducted our explorations from there. In that great bowl, that once rang with the clash of arms, the roars of wild beasts and a still wilder





THE "TREASURY OF PHARAOH"

One of the principal buildings of Petra and one of the world's most remarkable relics of an ancient civilization. The Arabs believe that the urn over the entrance is filled with Egyptian treasure and, even today, empty their guns at it in hope of shattering it and getting the treasure.

audience, our voices had the effect of being smothered in silence. Archaeologists say that the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, built the amphitheater, the road that leads to it and the palace that flanks it. The grate-

ful Petrans engraved his portrait on their coins. There are seats for 3,000 but I believe that at least 6,000 could have watched the gladiators comfortably.

The following day, I picked up Roman,



## A CITY THE WORLD FORGOT

Nabataean and Hebrew coins in the streets. I found tear bottles, lamps and pieces of pottery in the homes and palaces of this city that was "dead" a thousand years before America was discovered. I saw buildings that revealed the successive stages of Petra's history.

Petra was undoubtedly a city in the dawn of history. Situated as it was, near "the cradle of civilization," and a natural stronghold, it was the inevitable gath-



A STAIRWAY AT PETRA

ering place of whatever people lived in the Sinai region in prehistoric times. The Bible mentions a rock city, Selah, that is thought to have been Petra. The Arabs have a tradition that Moses, leading the children of Israel out of Egypt, spent twenty years at Selah. There is no proof for this but it is interesting to note that the valley leading to Petra is now known as Wady Mussa, or Moses's Valley. It is thought that the Horites,



A MYSTERY OF THE AGES

Homes in the older part of the Lost City. Built by whom? These dwellings, cut into the solid rock, antedate the Great Pyramids of Egypt





### WHAT REMAINS OF AN EASTERN PALACE

The Roman Emperor, Hadrian, credited with having built it, probably looked with scorn upon the habitations of the natives, cut into the cliffs hundreds of years before his time. They endure today and this is what is left of his palatial mansion

a people that preceded the Edomites, who are mentioned in the Bible, first lived there. They were succeeded by the Edomites, who in turn, as the Judeans moved northward in Palestine, were succeeded

by the Nabataeans, an Arabic people. Being a point on several caravan routes of the ancient world, the rock city grew to be a metropolis. As part of the Roman Empire it dominated Arabia. In the time of

(Continued on page 22)



**T**HIS girl hid herself underground when the Newman party first pitched camp in the ruined amphitheater, but became very friendly before the week passed



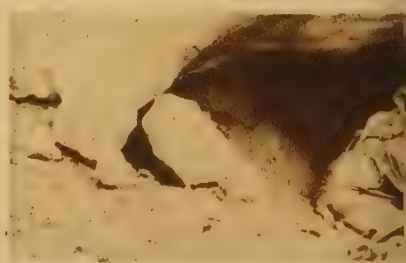
A FAMILY OF

## DWELLERS

Tenacious life manifests  
half-starved Bedouins live  
They subsist on wild wheat  
desert affords. Mothers  
of the

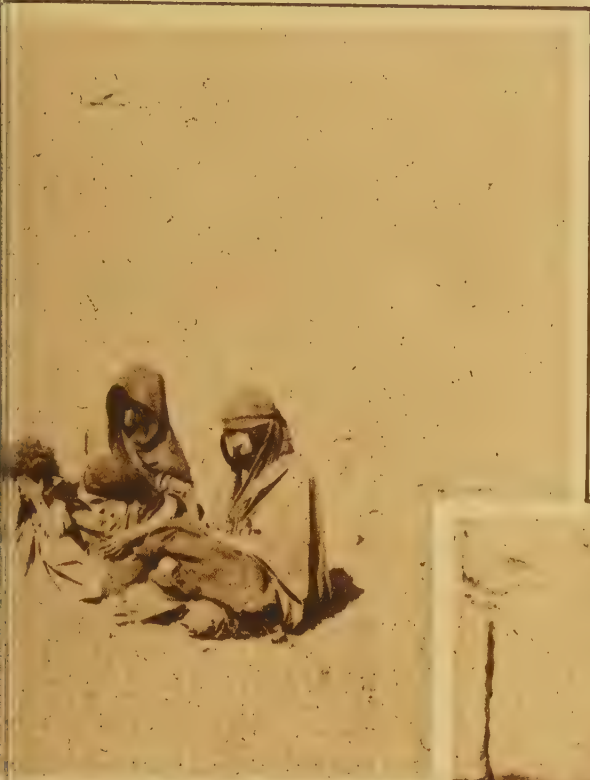


GRINDING THE WILD WHEAT

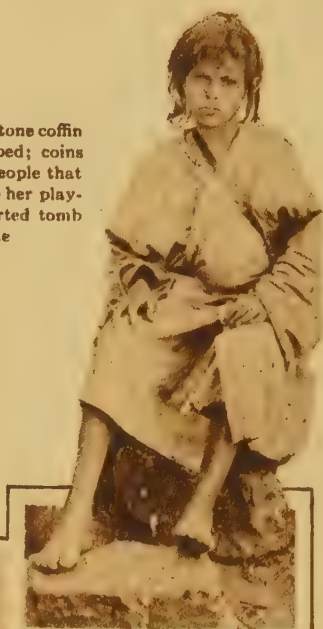


ONE OF NEWMAN'S ARABES





**A**N impressive stone coffin  
is this girl's bed; coins  
and utensils of a people that  
lived centuries ago her play-  
things and a deserted tomb  
her home



MODERN PETRA

## DEAD CITY

in a dead city. These  
deserted tombs of Petra.  
the scant foodstuffs the  
their babes in the coffins  
dead.



ANCE TO A BURIED HOME

BROTHER AND SISTER



## A CITY THE WORLD FORGOT



AN APARTMENT HOUSE OF ANCIENT PETRA

Constantine, it became known as Petra. Then, in the fourth century after Christ, it ceased to exist as a city. Why, is one of history's enigmas. Some think the Persians annihilated the population, but there is a growing belief that an earthquake flooded the gorge and inundated the city. In 1189 A.D. the Crusaders built a citadel on the heights above Petra, the remains of which still stand. Whether or not there was a lake there then is not known. I saw many columns that were worn at the base as if by currents and other evidence that make me believe the



STREETS AND DWELLINGS

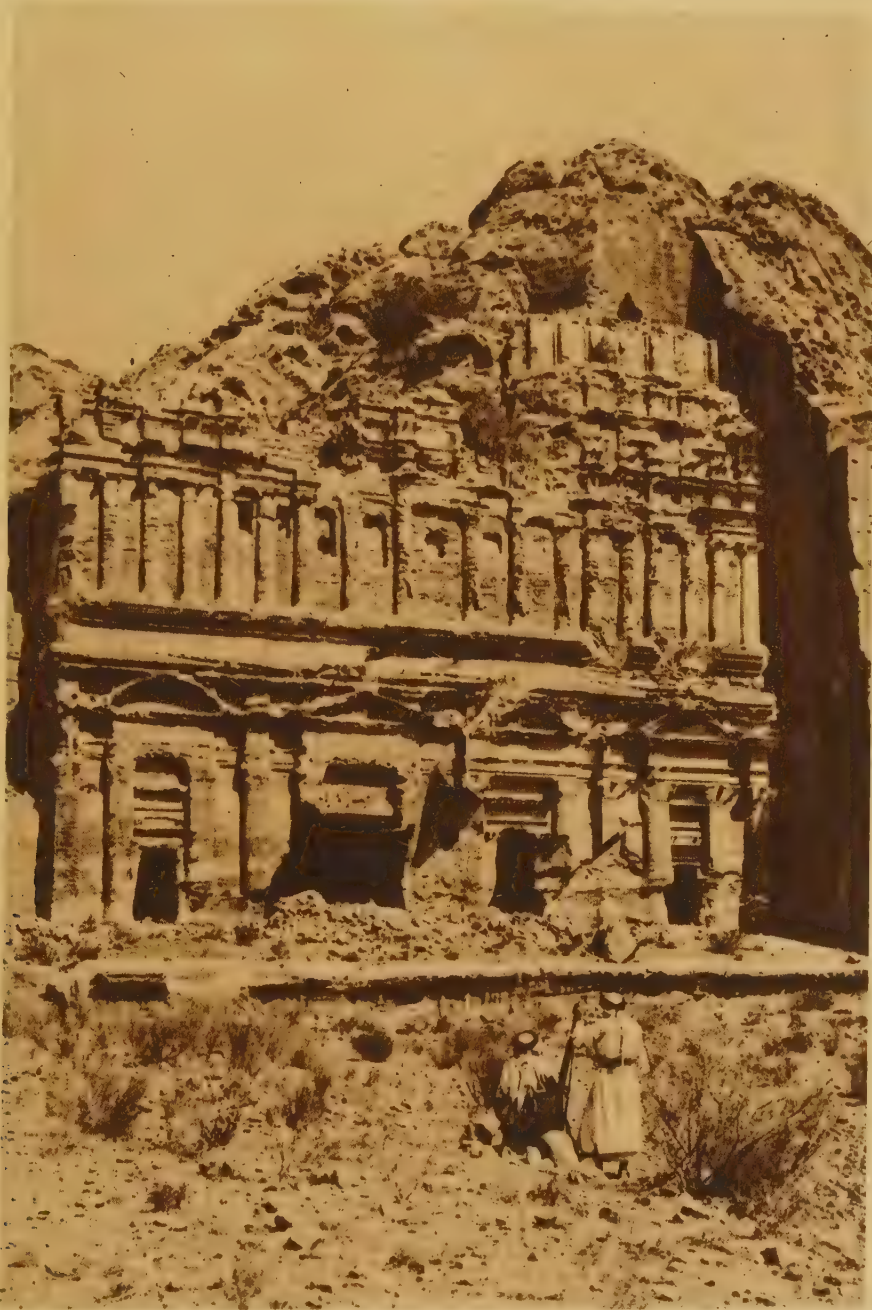
city was flooded.

Excepting the Crusaders, no European looked upon Petra until Burkhardt rediscovered it. Indeed, the world forgot that there had ever been such a place. In the thirteenth century, a Birbar Sultan of Egypt was said to have seen Petra, but the knowledge of it was jealously guarded by the Arabs.

While exploring the rock-hewn tombs I came upon a few miserable Bedouins. Unlike their brothers of the desert, they were a frightened lot. The children ran from me and hid in the burrows that were their homes and playground.



## A CITY THE WORLD FORGOT



### THREE RACES HAVE LEFT THEIR MARK

Nabataean, Greek and Roman ruled at Petra at different times. This Corinthian building was constructed by one of the last rulers of the Rock City

Presents of food made them friendly at last and I was able to photograph them. Half-starved, they live on wild wheat and the scanty forage of the desert country. These Bedouin mothers put their babies to

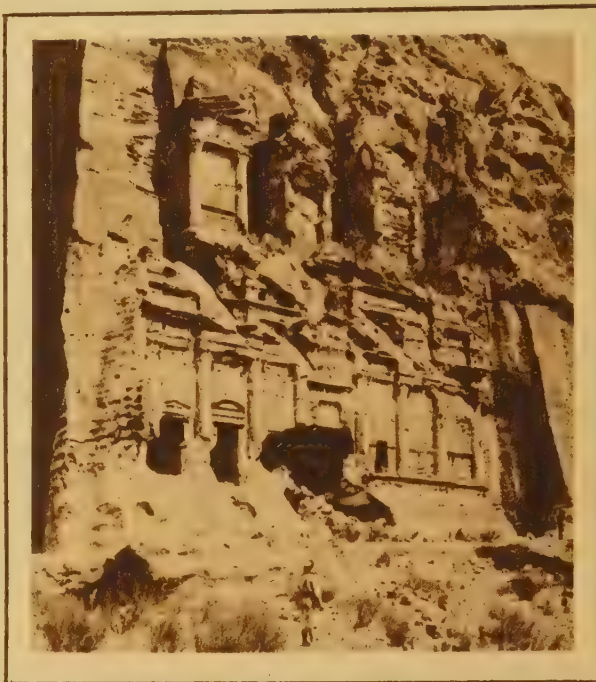
bed in the ancient coffins. Tombs are their homes and the furniture of the dead their furniture. They live and die in this thrice desolate spot, a cemetery in a dead city deserted even by the dead.



## A CITY THE WORLD FORGOT

In one of the tombs, I found a columbarium, like those in the catacombs of Rome. The Petrans apparently cremated their dead and kept the ashes in urns in pigeon-hole receptacles in this columbarium.

The houses, however, revealed little of life as it was in ancient Petra. There were broken bits of pottery on the floors. In some of the houses there were stone tables and chairs.



A VANISHING TEMPLE

All of them had fireplaces. The palaces were little better. Corinthian columns and elaborate carvings adorned them. Most of the palaces were on the lower levels and the houses of the common folk on the streets above the amphitheater. These were reached by rock hewn stairs leading from terrace to terrace, many of which are in good condition today.

One of my last explorations took me to the



RELICS OF A ONCE POWERFUL RACE

What is left of the Nabataean period of Petra's building. When Nineveh and Tyre were capitals of the world, this Semitic people occupied Petra and made it the capital of a powerful kingdom





**WAR OR FLOOD THE DESTROYER?**

These tombs at the base of the cliffs that guard Petra show indications of having been under water. Science is not certain as to whether the people of Petra were annihilated by flood or in a war with the Persians

altar on top of one of the surrounding mountains. Sacrifice was common among the Semitic peoples, and the altar at Petra is thought to have existed before the city was built. Prehistoric or not, it is the finest

existing example of the Semitic sacrificial altar; the steps are still there and the trough for the flow of blood to a basin beneath is in perfect condition. One needs little imagination to picture the patriarchal



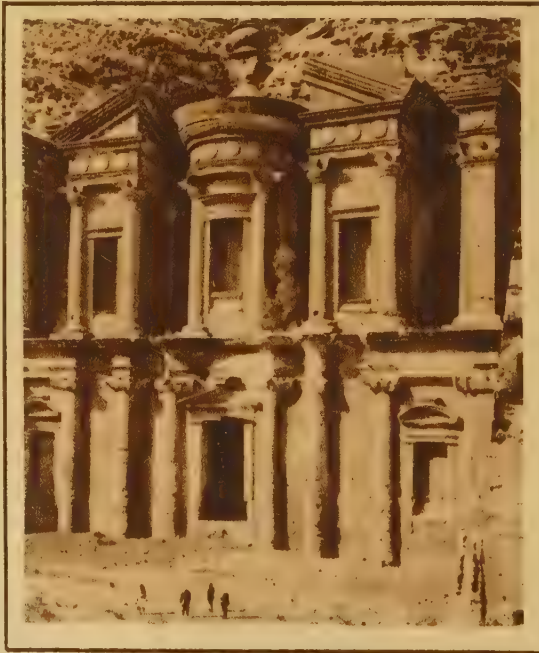


WHERE THE DEITY OF PETRA WAS WORSHIPED

This is the finest example of a Semitic sacrificial altar extant. All of the Semitic peoples practised religious sacrifice. The animal was killed and laid upon altars like these. The bowl in the center carried away its blood and the font at the side contained water for the priest's ablutions. Petrans worshiped their deity in the shape of a black stone similar to the Kaaba of the Mohammedans

priest, the reek of incense, the bleats of the terrified animal, and then the victim weltering on these stones, a propitiation to the god the Nabataeans worshiped in the symbol of a black stone.

The chief god of Petra was Dhu-shara, or the lord or owner of Shara. Associated with him was the ancient Arabian goddess, Allat. Many of the sanctuary places that I found in Petra were dedicated to these deities. These are marked by altars, open to the sky, some of them among the



A LATER TEMPLE

The convent of ed-Deir, a relic of the Christian era in Petra, was built when the city was part of the Eastern Roman Empire

tombs and others near what were evidently public buildings. But the greatest of them was the ancient sanctuary on the high place where I stood. Not far off are two obelisks cut out of the solid rock which was removed to the level of their bases. These may have been the idols, Dhu-shara and Allat, but more likely were designed to mark the limit of the *haram* of the sanctuary. It is interesting to note how the word *haram* (forbidden place) has come in the western world, under the form *harem*, to





THE STAIRWAY TO THE SANCTUARY

The public altar of Petra is situated high above the city, reached by a stairway cut in the cliffs. Up these stairs the high priest and his procession toiled to propitiate the gods with sacrifice upon occasions of public worship

mean the dwelling place of the women in a Mohammedan household, actually it means any forbidden place.

West of the obelisks are three other places of sacrifice. On the rocks below

them the worshipers carved their names.

Christianity came to Petra in early times. One of the tombs was used as a church, for an inscription in red paint records its consecration "in the time of the



most holy bishop Jason." This bishop Jason lived in 447 A. D. The Christianity of Petra was swept away as was that of all north Arabia when the Mohammedans overran the eastern world in 629 A. D.

From the sanctuary one can see the fragments of the Crusaders' citadel. Under the Crusaders' brief rule in the Holy Land the site of Petra was occupied by Baldwin I. Petra was known as the Castle of the Valley of Moses or Sela. The Franks remained in possession of their Castle of the Valley of Moses until 1189 A. D.

The map of the world had changed, a new world in the west had been discovered and a great new nation was already waging its second war before another European looked upon Petra. Burkhardt made his discovery in 1812. Other explorers followed him. Brunnow and Domaszewski, the archaeologists, have made the most minute study of the city as it stands today and their book, published in 1904, sheds more light upon the history of the Lost City than any previous description.

From the sanctuary, Petra revealed new wonders. The wear of weather on the sandstone keeps its colors always fresh. In the softer light of late afternoon, the city swam as in a tinted sea. The eye was saved from the raw reds, blues and yellow of noon; the coloring was as delicate as an orchid's and more graduated than a pastel palette. It was as soft as pastel, too, but not so opaque;

every building glowed with a sort of subdued brilliancy. It is my most graphic remembrance of Petra.

Nor shall I forget my nights under the stars in Hadrian's amphitheatre. Lying in my cot, I looked upward at the shadowy forms of the thousands of deserted dwellings, hewn from the rock during epochs that go back to the unknown ages. Silent and mysterious by day, Petra is like a vague dream by night, unreal, enigmatic.

Go where you will in the wide world and you will not find Petra's counterpart. It is the great riddle. The ruins are its only reality. Rome's Coliseum, the Acropolis at Athens, the pyramids, even, will leave no greater impress on your memory. The sense of Petra's unreality was with me all the way back to Maan. However, corrugated iron sheds and the railroad brought me back to the twentieth century. Petra was the Arabia of Scherezade and her Thousand and One Nights; Maan is the Arabia of the railroad and the French Mandate. One day, perhaps very soon, a highway will be built

from Maan to Petra. Hotels and tourists will follow. Then Petra shall have lost much of its charm. I am glad that I saw it before the tourist has carved his initials on the facade of Pharaoh's Treasury and the great silence is broken by clamoring guides. For me it shall always be the marvellous Lost City, just as it was to its modern discoverer, Burkhardt.



**A MONUMENT OF THE CENTURIES**

This obelisk, one of two carved from solid rock, stands near the great sanctuary. It is thought to have been a marker for the limits of the forbidden ground, but stands today an adequate monument to the memory of a great city the world forgot.



## THE OLDEST CITY IN EUROPE



Toledo, Spain

TOLEDO, the "Crown of Spain," set on the heights above the dwindling, dawdling Tagus, is the oldest city in Europe—and looks it! Her mysterious walls, her antique bridges, her river and bordering plain are a wizened yellowish brown. Dark, winding streets furrow her brow. The very hills of Spain's ancient capital suggest a bent and crooked back. Toledo, the venerable, the storyful, is bowed with the weight of centuries. Indeed she was a gray old crone of a town before most of the great cities of the world were conceived.

In the days before histories were inscribed, Toledo was a power in the Mediterranean empire. The Spaniards have a saying that Adam was the first emperor of their peninsula, and chose the site of Toledo for his capital. According to legend, the walls of the city were swept away during the flood, and the grandson of Noah rebuilt them. "Tubal's walls," repaired by Jew, Roman, Goth, Moor, Christian, are the walls that defend Toledo to-day.

The Jews, fleeing Jerusalem before the scourge of Nebuchadnezzar, found asylum in Toledo, "the utmost corner of the earth." They called it the "City of Generations." Even in early Bible times, it was known as a powerful and populous center.

The Goths, who took Toledo from the Romans (who took it from the Carthaginians), so embellished and amplified the city on the height above the Tagus that it became to them "the crown of Spain, the light of the world." The Moors, who fol-

lowed the Goths, went on building and increasing the city's trade, until finally it attained a great population, busy with crafts, art, and learning. The Christians came into final possession in 1085.

Travelers that make the two-hour journey from Madrid to see the ancient glories of Toledo spend most of their time in the cathedral. The devout Spaniard will tell you that the Apostle James, on a visit to Spain, gave the order for the first church raised on this site. The present edifice, of overpowering size and beauty, was consecrated in the year that Columbus was beginning his first voyage to the isles of America.

In out-of-the-way Toledo courts and byways there are reminders of the Cid Campeador and the great Cervantes—of the extraordinary El Greco, too, the Greek painter whose life was passed chiefly in Toledo. The best of his paintings are in Toledo churches. In the shops are makers of the Damascene ware that is a legacy from the Moors. Most important of all Toledo's manufactories are the sword-blades whose traditional sharpness and suppleness are due in some part to the peculiar quality of the water on this barren plateau.

Though her streets are mildly astir, Toledo never seems to be fully awake. The stupor of age is upon her. She lives in ages that are past, like an old woman in her dotage. To-day the "Mother of Cities" clings like a chrysalis to the steep hillside—a chrysalis dust-colored and brittle, from which life has all but fled.—*Ruth Kedzie Wood.*

# "LINCOLN WAS SO GLAD, HE KISSED ME!"

**H**ENRY E. WING, a retired Methodist minister of Springdale, Connecticut, is 82 years old. But he can tell one story of his youth as clearly as if it happened yesterday. It is a story that any American would be proud to tell—a story revealing the human side of Abraham Lincoln and brand new so far as the public is concerned.

The experience that brought Wing into contact with Lincoln is as dramatic as any situation in Civil War drama or fiction. Here it is in his own words:

"May 6, 1864, found me with Grant in the Wilderness, with news that the nation was waiting for. I was the youngest of the New York 'Tribune's' field correspondents. Two years before, I had enlisted, was wounded at Fredericksburg, and invalided out of the service. I had gone to work for the Norwich, Connecticut, 'Bulletin,' where I wrote an editorial that attracted Horace Greeley's attention and he had given me the job as correspondent. I had joined the Army of the Potomac at winter quarters in north-eastern Virginia. The hopes of the North were centered on that army. Then, suddenly, Grant and his 120,000 men disappeared into the forests south of the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, cut off communication, and engaged Lee in that desperate three-day battle.

"At the close of the first day's fighting, as Grant was reforming his lines, the four 'Tribune' correspondents decided that one of us should try to get through to Washington and telegraph the news to our paper. I was 25, the youngest; so I volunteered.

"While making arrangements to leave, I met General Grant and told him of my plan. I asked him if I could carry a message for

him. Knowing, of course, that the seventy miles that lay between me and Washington was filled with guerrillas and enemy troops, he smiled grimly.

"Well," he said earnestly, "if you do see the President, tell him for me that, whatever happens, there will be no turning back."

"By four the next morning I was in the saddle and away. At Culpeper Mines a Unionist friend furnished me with a 'butter-nut' suit, a battered hat, and a pair of brogans, which he persuaded me was a safer costume than my correspondent's uniform.

Shortly afterward I was more than glad that I had taken his advice, for I ran, head-on, into a party of Mosby's guerrillas and was able to convince them that I was a Southern messenger to sympathizers in Washington. They offered to guide me to an easy ford on the Rappahannock and I could do nothing but accept. As we neared the place, my elation at having deceived them vanished, for they were taking me to a ford guarded by a man that

knew I was a Northern correspondent. The inevitable happened; I was recognized and had to cut for it. I spurred into the river, missed the ford and was forced to swim my horse across with the bullets splashing all around me.

"I got through, though, without a scratch, only to be held up by Confederate cavalry at Manassas Junction. I had abandoned the horse and was walking along the tracks of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad when they nabbed me. The guards were not strict. I waited until dusk, crawled between them, and ran. A six-mile walk in the dark, a challenge, and I was safely in the Federal lines at Union Mills.

"Of the half dozen correspondents that



H. E. Wing  
As he appeared in Civil War time



had made the attempt, I learned I was the only one that had got through. But my troubles had only begun. The nearest public telegraph station was at Alexandria, 20 miles away, and it would close at midnight. This was at 9 o'clock. I couldn't get a horse or a handcar at any price, so over the military wire from Union Mills I sent to my friend C. A. Dana, second assistant secretary of war, this message:

"I am just in from the front. Left Grant at four o'clock this morning."

"Back came this:

"Where did you leave General Grant?"

"It was signed, not by Dana, but by Stanton, Secretary of War. Then I realized what it meant; the Government did not know what had happened in the Wilderness; I was first to a telegraph with the biggest news of the day!

"I told Secretary Stanton that I would tell him all that I knew if he would let me send 100 words to my paper over the military wire.

"Again came the peremptory query: 'Where did you leave General Grant?'

"I replied that the news belonged to the 'Tribune' and reiterated my terms. Stanton's next message was to the post commander ordering him to arrest me as a spy unless I told what I knew!

"Hungry, tired, and miserable I stretched out upon a bench in that cheerless station. I was virtually on parole pending orders from Washington as to what was to be done with me. Camp was still as death. I was just drowsing off when the telegraph sounder chattered again.

"It's for you," said the operator. "Mr. Lincoln wants to know if you will tell him where General Grant is."

"Mr. Lincoln! The President himself! Nevertheless, I repeated the terms I had made to Secretary Stanton and they were promptly accepted with the request that, in view of the importance of the news to the country, I give the Associated Press a brief

summary of my dispatch to the 'Tribune.'

"I was no longer hungry, tired, and miserable. Nothing whatever was the matter with me. Standing at the side of the operator at Union Mills, I dictated a dispatch that occupied a half-column in the 'Tribune' of the following morning. With the knowledge that my article was in my paper's hands, I started for Washington on a locomotive furnished by the President.

"The Cabinet was assembled at the White House when I arrived at about two in the morning. As I entered the room, I suddenly realized how unkempt was my appearance. I became aware that my 'butternut' coat

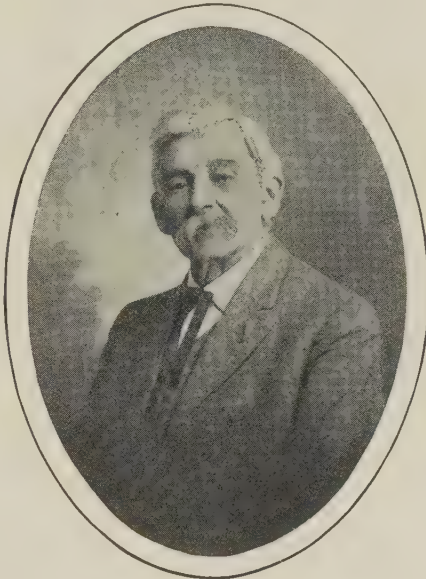
was very wrinkled and very dusty; that the trousers, far too long for me, had been turned up and tied with coarse twine; that my hair was wildly disordered; and that my brogans bore heavy deposits of the 'sacred soil' of Virginia. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and a personal friend, introduced me around. With the aid of a large wall map I explained to the President and his aides what was happening in the Wilderness. Then I said that I had a personal message for the President and the Cabinet withdrew.

"Alone, the President seemed immensely tall. I had not noticed it until

he stood over me while I stammered out General Grant's message. He couldn't hear me clearly, and no wonder! Grasping me by the shoulders he bent over until his eyes were level with mine and made me repeat it. I summoned every effort to speak collectedly and said slowly:

"General Grant told me to tell you from him that, no matter what happens, there will be no turning back."

"The President's wonderful eyes glowed. I shall never forget this picture of him. Every other leader of the Army of the Potomac had turned back, and I had brought him word from one that would not. Exuberant, he pulled me to him—and, he was so glad, *he kissed me on the forehead.*"



H. E. Wing

As he appears to-day, age 82

## FASHION FOLLIES FOLLOW WAR

KNEE skirts, and waists minus sleeves or backs, "beauty windows," and transparent petticoats, it now seems, are just a matter of history. History repeats itself in feminine attire as in everything else. Every big war has brought a reaction in reckless dress. Venus has always stepped brazenly on the heels of retreating Mars. The women of 1921 are no worse and no better than the women of 1821 or 1281—B. C. or A. D.

As surely as war ends and man-power is depleted, women, impelled by competition to seek mates by any means in their power, cast off reserve in dress at the sacrifice of modesty. The cannon has scarcely stopped firing when they begin to plan their demoralizing campaign. In truth, the history of post-war excesses in dress goes back farther than cannon. In the days of bows and arrows and battering rams, in the time of Hamilcar the Carthaginian, killed a dozen centuries ago in Spain, the story was the same. Woman's nature does not change, nor her motives, in any age.

The higher the form of living, the more quickly has daring and scanty apparel come

into style after the declaration of peace. In ancient Athens, when long foreign wars had killed off a great proportion of the males, even the Government took a hand in the matter, and commanded that tunics should be so designed that the beauties of the female figure would be emphasized.

Similar conditions existed in Rome after the Punic and Civil wars. It was so in the time of Cæsar, and it was so under the Pharaohs. Social conditions at the close of the Cromwellian wars in England were marked by flagrant lack of restraint and by exotic display.

After the Reign of Terror in Paris, during the period of the Directorate (1795-1799) women of all degrees of society exploited their charms in quite shameless manner. It became the vogue to wear dresses of Greek design and filmy texture. When Madame Récamier, the celebrated French beauty,

visited London, her costume amazed the English people. Crowds used to follow her about the streets and stop her carriage. They had never seen a woman so fair, nor so frank in revealing her charms.

A certain great lady attended a ball in Paris clad lightly in a Greek tunic—and nothing more. A wager was laid by a group of her admirers that her garment and her ornaments, placed on a scale, would not weigh more than two pounds. She retired to a dressing-room, removed her robe, and stripped the jewels from her neck and bare toes. When she had put on her dress, she returned to the ballroom. "You exaggerate, messieurs!" she announced. "The costume weighs but one pound."

After that the style of a gown was judged by the quantity and diaphanous quality of it. Ladies of fashion, who aimed to be, not well dressed, but "well undressed," besought their modistes to make dresses that



Portrait of Madame Récamier, by Gerard

Both this portrait and the one by David show the famous French beauty with bare feet



Dresses of Greek design and filmy texture, of the time of the Directorate in France (1795-1799)



weighed as little as possible. Doctors protested against the dangers of wearing such scant clothing in the variable French climate. Some of their patients actually died of exposure.

Two groups of extravagant women and men reigned during the Directorate. One group called themselves the "*Merveilleuses*" (pronounced mer-vay-yeuz), the other, "*Incroyables*" (ahng-krwah-yable)—the "Affected Ones," and the "Unbelievables." Madame Tallien, a leader of the *Merveilleuses*, adopted the ultra Greek style, with thigh and knee exposed by thin draperies. Madame Hamelin, a Creole belle, wife of a Swiss banker, dared to promenade quite nude except for a mantle of tulle. "*Venus en deshabile*," they called her. So wanton did Parisian fashionables become that Madame Hamelin and her kind were finally hooted from the streets by an outraged populace.

In England, short-waisted gowns were worn with coal-scuttle-shaped bonnets, bedecked with ribbons and feathers. Modistes fashioned their models according to the dictates of David, the leader of the French classic school of painting. Their patrons gathered their hair in fillets and clothed themselves in dresses as airy as those of their French sisters. They wore sandals on their bare feet, and affected ornaments of Greek and Roman pattern. In muslin gowns they braved the chill of the English winter, protected only by light cloaks.

No sooner had Napoleon met defeat at Waterloo, than the women of European nations began to array themselves in clothes that were mere shreds and patches. At that time no nation perhaps had suffered so much loss as France during the terrific struggle that began with the great Revolution and ended with the fall of Napoleon. The women of France set the fashions for the world, and a chronicler of the time wrote sarcastically that they seemed not only bent on divesting themselves of every article of apparel not absolutely necessary, but had made up their

minds to make the remaining garments as small and near to nothing as possible.

It is a fact of history that they went to such lengths that the Church took the matter in hand and carried it up to Rome, where, on October 16, 1800, the Pope issued a bull, referred to as follows in the *London Times* of January, 1801:

"The Pope, after speaking in appropriate terms of the present scarcity of clothing and the sensations it might excite even in the bosom of a withered monk, and, quoting the authority of St. Clement, His Holiness strictly enjoins his officers, civil and ecclesiastical, to repress by fine or corporal punishment, according to the circumstances of the case, these crying enormities. He directs, too, that punishment should be extended to such damsels who, though at first sight they appear properly attired, are nevertheless decked in transparent robes, and with voluptuous attire display themselves in seductive attitudes. Moreover, fathers, husbands, heads of families, who weakly or negligently permit their wives, daughters, servants, etc., to

trespass against these rules, shall not escape immunity. Also all tailors, haberdashers, and others who contribute to these enormities of dress, shall in nowise pass unpunished."

Walter G. Muirheid.



Madame Tallien

In ultra Greek style, with skirt exposing the knee



The "Affected Ones" and "Unbelievables"

# THE HEARTBEAT OF DANTE

By REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

IN EVERY age and land the best-loved books in the libraries have not been books of heroism and eloquence, but books of love. It is a singular fact that scholars have told the story of wars, laws, engines, and ships, but that no library holds a history of that strange tumult of the heart, that Swing once said began with "the gift of flowers and ended either a suicide or a wedding." In retrospect Dante is the world's great lover, as well as a voice for "ten silent centuries." His *Divine Comedy* is a cyclopedia of Italy, a complete guidebook to Florence and Rome, with full comments upon all public men and institutions. His *Vita Nuova* is a personal journal, a secret diary of the heart, the record of his thoughts and feelings toward a woman whom he believed to be the most beautiful and the most gifted being of her time. Dante had a powerful intellect, the finest imagination of any known artist,

vast moral endowments, but all these gifts were like boughs of unblossomed buds that waited for some influence from without. Just as Abelard waited for the coming of Héloïse, just as Browning never found himself until he met Elizabeth Barrett, just as Highland Mary kindled the genius of Robert Burns, so the imagination of Dante waited for Beatrice. Three times in his early career Dante saw this young girl, who was the daughter of a merchant living in an adjacent street. "She appeared to me," writes Dante at a festival, "dressed in that most noble and honorable color, scarlet, girded and ornamented in a manner suitable to her age; and from that moment love ruled my soul."

Three times during Dante's youth, when his emotions were like molten ruby glass,

ready to take on any form, he met Beatrice. Then after an absence from the city he returned to Florence to learn that her father had given the daughter in marriage. When twenty-four years of age Beatrice died. At this time Dante was only twenty-seven. In those olden days, midst the tropic warmth of Italy, lovers were older at fifteen and eighteen than they are in our frigid climate at twenty and thirty. How much did the youth Dante love Beatrice? The answer is not found in the greatness of the girl, but in the greatness of the youth. How large is a star? The answer to that question is determined

entirely by the size of the telescope. The glass that holds one hundred diameters sees a thousand times more than the glass with two diameters. A one-talent man might have loved Beatrice a little, but this man of ten-talent genius, Dante, loved her with an immeasurable passion. Affection with some men moves as softly

as a gentle breeze, but in Dante love swept on with the power of a mighty wave, or a majestic storm. The size of a conflagration is not determined by the size of the spark, but by the quantity of inflammable material that is waiting to be kindled. No one will ever know whether Beatrice was indeed the loveliest girl in Italy, whether she was the Kohinoor among all the glass beads, whether she was a crimson blossom plucked from the bough of the tree of life, hanging down from heaven's battlements, caught by Dante's hand in the moment he looked upward, or whether she was only one of the many flowers that grew in the garden of an earthly Florence. It may be that she was in reality the outstanding figure of Florence, as unique for Italy as Helen was for Ithaca. One thing



Dante and Beatrice in Florence

From painting by H. Holliday. Original in Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, England.





The Three Meetings of Dante and Beatrice

From original painting by Sonrell, in the Plymouth Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reproduced by permission of the owner, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

is certain: Dante loved her little in life, but loved her much in literature. Twenty years after her death this greatest man of his time, in solitude and exile, began to live in a world of dreams and visions. Suffering had made Dante great. In solitude he nourished his soul, and for years held heartbreak at bay. We know that it is within the power of the sun, in late afternoon hours, to cast the brilliant hues of gold and purple upon a rail fence, and so transform each piece of wood into pure gold. And it may be that this poet who was the strongest man then living in the world, at once a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier, turned his mind backward, recreated the face of Beatrice, and broke the alabaster box of genius upon the head of a girl who may have been a commonplace girl, just as Raphael, in a glorious mood of the imagination, lent the beauty of Saint Cecilia to the face of a flower woman whose figure held indeed the outlines for his drawing, but gave no suggestion of the divine, ineffable, and dazzling loveliness of Saint Cecilia's angel face. For Dante's book is not a poem, after the fashion of Homer's portrait of Penelope, or Tennyson's Maid of Ascalot. The Divine Comedy is at once an autobiography, a history, a social philosophy, a spiritual pilgrimage of a Thirteenth Century Childe Harold, an oration, with here and there a lyric poem. During those awful

years of his exile, when the poet climbed the stairs of other men's houses, and salted his bread with his own tears, Dante might have used the words that were later upon the lips of Bacon: "I leave my name and fame to foreign lands, and to my own countrymen when long time has passed." It has been beautifully said that before Dante sang his song he had to invent his harp. Lowell explains his greatness by saying, "Dante wrote with his heart's blood, like an inspired prophet of old." Offered an opportunity to return to Florence on condition that he would confess that he had been guilty of some wrong, Dante accepted exile and homelessness rather than betray his great convictions. He was an old man at fifty-six. His last days were spent in Ravenna. During those years of loneliness he comforted his heart by the vision of God and Beatrice. Let us believe that after fifty-six years in his Inferno and Purgatorio the prisoner was redeemed out of his dungeon, the exile out of his loneliness, the fugitive out of his rags and crusts, and that at last the messengers of guidance and convoy brought him in out of the night, the fire-mist, and the hail, into the imperial palace of God, that had long seemed a "Paradise," where one word of welcome repaid him ten thousand times for all the bitter years, and that when one word of love leaped forth Dante's every wound was healed.

# THE WORLD'S MOST UNFORTUNATE POET

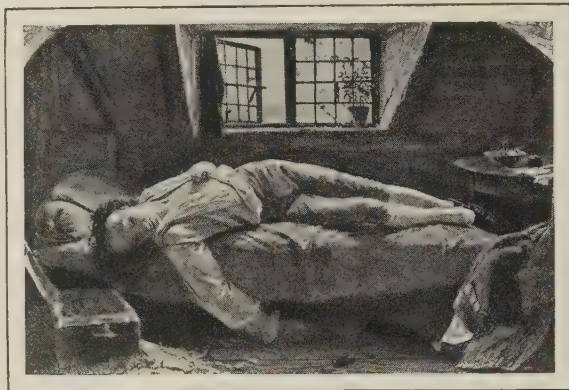
WE have told, in a former Mentor, the story of the famous Shakespeare forgeries of William H. Ireland, the gifted, seventeen-year-old youth with a twisted mind. In his Confessions young Ireland tells us that his mind was turned to thoughts of literary forgery by reflecting on the career of that unfortunate young genius, Thomas Chatterton. The sister of Chatterton lived not far away, and William Ireland had visited her and drawn from her the pathetic life story of her gifted poet-brother. Young Chatterton had produced wonderful poems of a mythical monk of the fifteenth century whom he called "The poet-priest Rowley," and had started a controversy among literary men that lasted eighty years.

Many forgave Chatterton his forgeries because of the artistic beauty of his own poetry—not far short of that of Keats. The leading poets of his time—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Shelley, and others—testified to the boy-wonder's divinity in the art of poetry. But the serious-minded student critics "got him"—and so, worsted in the battle at an early age, the young poet blew up the ship rather than strike his false colors. It was the saddest, maddest story of twisted genius that we know.

Thomas Chatterton was born in Bristol, England, in November, 1752. His father, a roystering fellow, but a lover of books and coins, and a dabbler in magic, died before the young poet was born. His mother was a poor school teacher and a needlewoman. Chatterton was a queer, dreamy boy, devoted to books and old manuscripts. He began to write poems at ten years of age. His life was sordid; he slaved and slept in a kitchen—and, when his drudging work was over, he buried himself in books.

In 1769 he wrote his first Rowley poems (which he dated 1469), and sent them to the

great Sir Horace Walpole, statesman, author, and patron of arts and letters, who was captured by them, and convinced for a while. Then, when critics pronounced the Rowley poetry forgery, Sir Horace scolded the boy, threw the poetical productions back at him, and thought no more of him until two years later when Oliver Goldsmith told him of the young poet's tragic death. Walpole regretted when too late, and paid the unhappy boy a warm tribute of praise for his "masterly genius." Chatterton went to London, and, in mad, feverish, sleepless haste, poured out, as if



The Death of Chatterton  
From original painting by Henry Wallis in The  
Birmingham Gallery, England.

with a hundred hands, poems—of his own, besides "Rowley poems"—essays, stories, and letters. For a brief time his prospects seemed golden. His productions found ready acceptance and publication—but, unfortunately, many of the editors who were willing enough to print and praise his contributions were very shy about paying anything for them. And after a while a reaction set in against him, with threatened exposure of the "Rowley" forgeries.

He was penniless and starving, when, in 1770, at 18 years of age, he locked himself in his garret room, tore up his manuscripts—and took arsenic. The next morning, his landlady, alarmed that her poor young lodger did not make his appearance, had the door of his room broken open, saw the floor littered with small bits of paper, and the unhappy Chatterton lying on his cot, his head and arm hanging over—quite dead. No one claimed the body, so he was buried in a pauper's grave.

Then the wise and formal critics got after him, and tore his work to pieces. "Grave owls mangling a poor dead nightingale," as Coleridge said. No one knows what a wealth of rare fine work Chatterton might have given the world had he lived longer.

W. D. M.



## \$22,685 FOR FOUR INCHES OF PAINT

**T**HE highest price ever paid at public sale for a square inch of painting was given recently at Paris by a Swiss woman for a portrait—four inches in diameter—painted by the great German artist, Holbein. The purchaser was a Madame Paravinci and the price, \$22,685.

The former record price, measured by inches, was \$250,000, paid by Carl Hamilton of New York for a painting, twelve by seven and one-half inches, of Mantegna, an early Italian artist.

In 1521, when the much-married King Henry VIII reigned in England, there came to his court one Lucas Hornebolt, a young German painter, and his sister, Susanna. Lucas was kept busy painting Henry's courtiers and Susanna married one of the King's be-whiskered bowmen, John Parker.

Then an artist calling himself Hans Holbein, the Younger, appeared at court. He speedily became the most popular painter; folks knew more

about painting in those cameraless days. Hornebolt was not jealous; he had plenty to do painting miniatures, which were his specialty. In 1534, this Holbein tried his hand at Hornebolt's art and, as in every other artistic endeavor, excelled at it. As a compliment to Hornebolt, he painted him, also sister Susanna and brother-in-law bowman. The portrait of Hornebolt was not small enough to be a true miniature but was what is known as a roundel. It was this roundel that Madame Paravinci recently paid the record-breaking price for.

Holbein was born in Augsburg, Germany, in 1497. His father was a famous painter. He taught his two sons, who went to Basle to

seek their fortunes. Both designed initials and decorations for books. Hans is thought to have gone to Italy; when he returned he painted historical and religious subjects. The other brother remained an illustrator of books all his life. The Reformation put an end to Hans' religious painting, so he moved to England.

After painting the Hornebolt roundel, Holbein returned to Basle, in what is now Switzerland. He had left his wife there during the years he was in England—from all accounts he was not a model husband. He

returned in triumph, however, clad in silks and furs and received as the town's official painter. He painted many pictures of various styles. Fortunately, much that he did was preserved, and remains to-day a monument to his gifts and energy. In the museum at Basle are two portraits of the notorious Dorothea Offenburg, painted by the great Holbein, who, rumor had it, fled to London to put an end to an impassioned affair.

London merchants gave him plenty to do, and he was still in demand at Court. Henry VIII paid him a salary and commanded him to paint noble ladies that he chose for wives. One of them, the sixteen-year-old Duchess of Milan, sat for her picture, but refused the kingly hand, saying she had but one head, and preferred to keep it on her shoulders. Holbein's spirited portrait of her is one of his best.

A portrait of Holbein himself, done at this time, shows him to have been a ruddy, vigorous man with graying hair. He was busy on an important commission when the Great Plague of 1542 swept London and claimed him as one of its first victims.



A Four-Inch Portrait by Holbein. Price \$22,685

# WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE?

IF ANYONE in the world has a natural right to put out a questionnaire it is surely The Mentor. For ten years The Mentor has devoted itself to giving information. Here is our questionnaire—and it is planned to be a *fair* one. It was prepared not with the thought of popping trick questions at people, or—as Mr. Edison has done recently—catching college-bred men “off their game,” but with the simple purpose of drawing out the knowledge that *any well-informed individual ought to have*. The answers to most of these questions may be found in numbers of The Mentor—all of which are in print and obtainable.

1. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?
2. How many states are in the United States?
3. What is Magna Charta, and what rights did it secure?
4. What is the highest mountain of North America, and who climbed it?
5. What are the planets in our solar system?
6. What animal or flower is associated with each of the following countries: France, England, Scotland, Russia, Ireland?
7. What is the highest mountain in the world, the longest river, the greatest lake, the largest island, the highest structure?
8. Who was the Maid of Orleans, the Little Corporal, the Iron Chancellor, Le Grand Monarque, the Scourge of God?
9. What was the original language of the Old Testament? and of the New?
10. What is the Holy Grail?
11. Who wrote “America,” “Home, Sweet Home,” “Psalm of Life,” “Thanatopsis,” “The Raven,” “Old Sweetheart of Mine,” “Recessional,” “Crossing the Bar,” “Lady of the Lake,” “Rip Van Winkle,” “In Flanders Fields,” “Poor Richard’s Almanac,” “The Tempest”?
12. Who painted The Sistine Madonna, The Last Supper, Baby Stuart, Simplicity, The Night Watch, The Angelus, The Horse Fair, Breaking Home Ties?
13. Who designed St. Peter’s, Rome; St. Paul’s, London; St. John the Divine, New York; Brooklyn Bridge; the Capitol, Washington?
14. Who modeled The Thinker, The Lion of Lucerne, The Greek Slave, Cupid and Psyche, Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor?
15. What did the following persons do to make them famous: Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Chippendale, Charles Gounod, Luther Burbank, Pasteur, Cecil Rhodes, Magellan, William Tell, Charles Goodyear, Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, S. F. B. Morse, Cyrus Field, Martin Luther, Guy Fawkes, Amundsen, Puccini, Lewis and Clark, Simon Bolivar, George Stephenson, Josiah Wedgewood, Balboa, John Sargent, Galileo, Molière, Garibaldi, St. Gaudens, Goethals, Isaac Newton?
16. What are the following, and where are they: The Parthenon, The Taj Mahal, The Pantheon, The Alhambra, The Madeleine, Christ of the Andes, The Sphinx, Bridge of Sighs, “The Cheshire Cheese,” The Escorial, Hall of Mirrors, Elgin Marbles, The Bastille, The Vatican, The Lacoön?
17. Who were these women: Anne Hathaway, Becky Sharp, Amy Robsart, Hester Prynne, Anne Boleyn, Marie Antoinette, Nell Gwyn, Florence Nightingale, Minnehaha, Ramona, Edith Cavell, Madame Récamier, Betsy Ross, Scheherazade, Meg Merrilies, Isolde?
18. Who were these characters in literature: Sam Weller, Jim Bludso, Jean Valjean, Leatherstocking, Bill Sykes, John Ridd, Huckleberry Finn, Enoch Arden, Rochedes, Henry Esmond, John Halifax, Simonides, Rienzi, Rob Roy, Launcelot, Sydney Carton, D’Artagnan?
19. Where are the following situated: Death Valley, Garden of the Gods, Natural Bridge, Caves of Luray, The Mojave Desert, The Everglades, The Giant’s Causeway, “Old Man of the Mountain,” Dead Sea, The Golden Horn, The Trossachs, Gatun Dam, Mount of Olives?
20. Who uttered the following: “Veni, vidi, vici”? “England expects every man to do his duty”? “Government of the people, by the people, for the people”? “Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable”?



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# T H E   O P E N   L E T T E R

Why should the word "Friction" be taboo with so many of us? A little friction now and then doesn't hurt—it helps. Soothing oils make life run smoothly and pleasantly, but friction, after all, is the important agent of efficiency in this work-a-day world. Friction accomplishes more in the building up of things than oil.

The man that sets out to slide smoothly through life on a well-oiled track is ever in danger of losing his footing and slipping on his own oil into the limbo of oblivion. The man without passionate purpose is only a latent force, a mere possibility, "like a stone waiting for a blow from iron to give forth sparks."

★ ★ ★

Life needs plenty of oil—but it also calls for a full measure of *grit*, and grit means friction. It is friction that makes the wheels go round.

The locomotive engineer oils the internal parts of his engine, but he would get nowhere if it were not for the friction of his engine wheels on the track. And when his wheels slip and slide, he runs sand on to the track to make *more* friction. He knows that he can only climb up-hill by friction; and that the only means by which to check and control his engine on a down-grade is friction.

The engineer of a locomotive knows that—and so does every other kind of engineer, and every man of achievement in every line of endeavor.

★ ★ ★

When an organization of any kind gets to be an assembly of easy, acquiescent

individuals who give "yes, yes" to each other, like nodding china mandarins on a mantel, that organization is headed for the down-hill grade—and it cannot be saved by oil. It is only when someone comes out with a firm "no," in a spirit of well-timed opposition, that things begin to move. There is nothing more pregnant with results than an honest and earnest difference of opinion; there is nothing that clears the air better than an intelligent, forceful clash of

mind on mind. It is when two forces—in humanity or in machinery—act and react on each other that we get real practical results. It takes the rub of two sticks against each other, the rasp of flint on steel, or the scratch of a match on sandpaper to produce fire—and fire means heat, light, power, and all that

makes life vivid and glowing.

★ ★ ★

Not that friction is *all* there is in the making of things. Too much friction may mean the *unmaking* of things. One may spill sand not only on the track but all through the works. The essential fact, however, is that, in all human affairs, there is a place for sand as well as oil.

The old Romans hit it right centuries ago and crystallized it in a phrase: "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," "suave in manner, firm in fact," or "temperate in method, but resolute in action"

—in brief, "oil in the works, sand on the track."

W. S. Hoagland

EDITOR



# Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7*

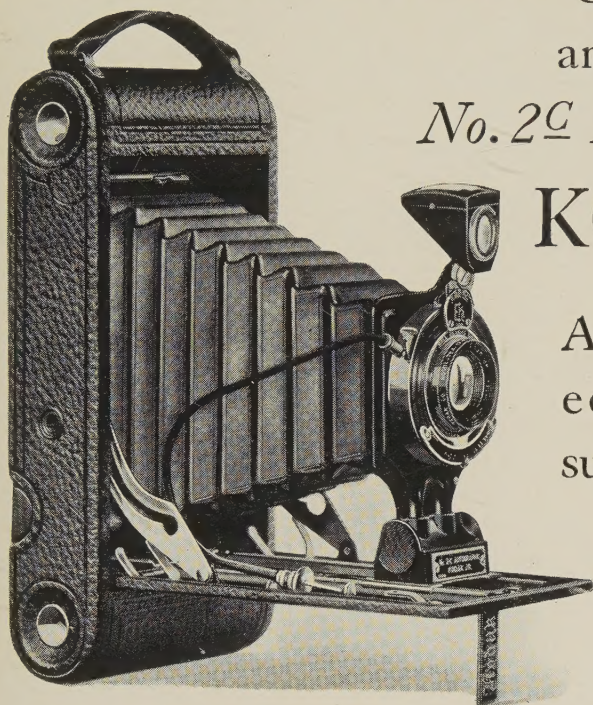
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# "A Vampire Soul

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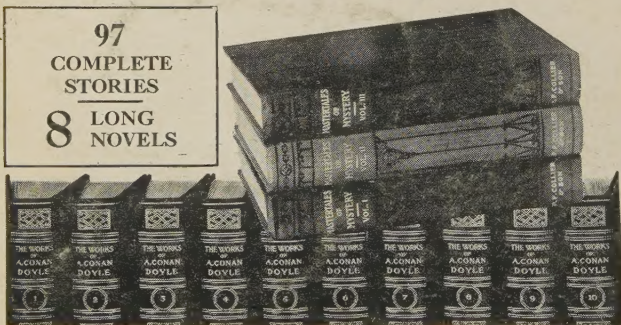
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